DROLL TALES OF QUEER FOLKS

-By M. QUAD .-

Mr. Bowser's Tribulations.

HERE was no doubt that Mr. Bowser had something on his mind. Dinner had been eaten, and he had sat down to his cigar and evening paper, but he was restless and uneasy. Mrs. Bowser mentally wondered whether he had bought an elephant at a bargain or found a new remedy for consumption,

but said nothing. By and by he tossed the paper aside and observed: "I haven't heard the piano going for

"No, it's all right," she answered; "but

"You have often compared my playing to the sounds of beating on an old tin with it? Didn't I say all I could to dis-Well, of course, you are a poor player,

music is concerned-real music-it fills my

But you never sing or play." 'Haven't had time heretofore, but now

"You intend to." make home more pleasant -to offer more diversion during the evenings. I think I shall learn to play the violin."

What! At your age!" exclaimed Mrs. 'My age!" he shouted, as he bobbed around on his chair. "That's what I expected to hear. What's the matter with my age? I am neither blind, speechless, nor crippled. Pliny went at it and learn-

ed six languages after he was seventy Well, I suppose you brought home the 'Yes. It's a beauty, and I got it cheap.

It's a real Giveni, and I bought it of man who was hard up. Got it for \$35, and it's worth \$20." "And you will try to learn to play it?"
"Certainly. I had one lesson this afternoon, and in less than a month I'll as-

You will practice in the garret, I sup- lessly remarked:

"Not by a jugful. I shall practice right ree! That is, there won't be much practice." "Sakes alive, but I didn't!" yells Mary. here! That is, there won't be much practice about it, as I shall be playing tunes by Saturday. Let me show it to you."

He had left it in the hall as he came in.

He got the package and uncovered it and over her and brung her to, and as she bebrought back a greasy old fiddle which looked as if it had been carried around the country since the days of Columbus. self over 100 years ago," he said, as Mrs.

Bowser gazed at the old relic. "Who was Givoni?" "Who was Givoni?" Why don't you ask who George Washington was?" ask who George Washington was:

"Well, it's my opinion that you have been swindled on the instrument, and I down she falls in another faint. fear you are too old to take up such

"Do you? That's a nice way to encourage a husband! I see now why so dler the other day for 7 cents, and never many men run out nights, I not only saved \$165 in buying this fiddle, but I'll make your heart ache with jealousy before the month is over!"

He sat down and began to saw. He held his head on one side, run out his tongue, and sawed away at the scale, busted some day nobody need be surprisand he had been going about five min-utes when the cook opened the door, beckened Mrs. Bowser out, and whispered: "I give you notice that I shall leave after dinner to-morrow."

"Why, what is it?" was asked.
"Him-Mr. Bowser! "He'll bring spooks dead calling out to each other across their graves! Mrs. Bowser, it's the wonder of

the people that you don't commit sui-Mr. Bowser continued sawing away until his arm was tired and his collar wilted, but he wouldn't have quit when he id had not a voice in front of the house

"Why don't some one throw a rock at the door or ring for the patrol wagon?" Next day a dark-skinned man who said he was a grandson of the late Givoni came up and gave Mr. Bowser a lesson, and the cook who had almost consented to stay on suddenly rose up and rushed When ready to go she whispered to Mrs. Bowser:

"I'm sorry for you that's to be left be-hind, mum, but if he gets violent you'll have him taken to the asylum, of

Mr. Bowser took four lessons in all, and then told his teacher that his services would no longer be required. He took the last two lessons in the barn in order, as he said, to surprise the neighbors. On the evening of the last lesson he seated himself on a rustic chair in the back yard, and when ready to "perform" he Bowser:

You said I could not learn to play the violin at my age. Just listen and see if you don't change your opinion."

He started in with what was meant for appeared at back windows. Fifteen seconds later, as Mr. Bowser got his tongue out and his arm limbered up, six different voices yelled at him.

voices yelled at him.
"The applause begins," he said to Mrs.
Bowser, as she stood at the window "I'm afraid they don't like it," she re-

"Don't like it!" he exclaimed as he produced a wail of despair on the strings. "If we've got neighbors who can't appreclate music I'd like to know it right away and prepare to move. Don't tell me-It was a big eucumber which whizzed by his ear. The cucumber was followed a potato which grazed his shoulder. A lump of coal struck the fence behind A lump of coal struck the fence behind him with a bang, and as he rose up to bow to the "applause" a tomato hit him in the mouth, and Mrs. Bowser screamed to him to fine for his life. to him to fiee for his life. He was dazed was too small. He could gu his head in, ered the girl as they stood for a moment for a moment, and it was not until a generous ear of green corn thumped him in on his shoulder that he got started for shelter. As he gained the house he had a revolver and six different murders in mind, but just then a policeman rang the door bell, and as soon as he was admitted

'New, then, who is it terturing cats in the back yard?"

"I-I was playing the violin," stam-mered Mr. Bowser in reply. "Do you mean to tell me that those horsounds were made by a fiddle?"

"Then you'd better stop it. If the neighbors start in to lynch you it'll be all over before I can get help!" The officer departed just as three of the appeared. They invited Mr. to the gate for a conference. neighbors appeared.

What was said may never be revealed in print, but after ten minutes a decision was arrived at. When Mr. Bowser re-entered the house he was looking as pale as a rag, and the first thing he did was to a rag, and the first thing he did was to kick the fiddle high-sky, and the second him sorter chucklin' in his throat and to throw the pieces out of the back win-

I should never have thought of trying to play on it. What do you suppose Greene and Davis said?"

"That you were a dunce." by the nose as you do me, they'd wipe the family out and then commit suicide! I must have looked sweet dawdling, over

"You did. I told you that it was nonsense your trying to learn music at your

"My age! There you go! Am I a thouthe last three months. Anything out of order?"

"No, it's all right," she answered; "but ing it at me! Music! Why, I've more loved wife. Fur the Lawd's sake, Nancy, as you hate music I don't play when you music in my big toe than you have in help me out." your whole body. Mrs. Bowser, this is the "I hate music! What are you talking limit. You have gone far enough. Now, bout?"

beware! The worm is ready to turn!" "But how did I bave anything to do

courage you? Didn't I--" "Never! Never! But for you I should never have bought a fiddle and made a fool of myself! It was your little game. and you have played it well, but we will see what you gain by it. You can take the train for your mother's at 10:30 in the morning. Meanwhile-meanwhile I feel the need of something to no me more pleasant to offer more head, and stalked into the library and banged the door and locked it behind him.

A Farmer's Hard Luck.

"I had sold a piece of land," said the his face, "and received \$600 in cash. When a good indorser my feelings whas all der I had the money in hand I said to the old

" 'Mary, if we put this in bank the bank may bust.

"'Jest so,' says Mary.
"'But if we hide it in the ashes in the parlor stove there can't be no bustin' about it,' says I.

'That's so,' says Mary, and we hid it in the stove.

"Along in the fall I came up from the field one day and found that Mary had built a fire in the parlor stove. I didn't say nuthin' fur awhile, and then I keer-"'I see you've got a fire in that stove.

and up went her hands and she fainted

gun to cry and take on I bust out laffin'. When I had got over bein' tickled, I says: "'Dont' worry about that money. Know-"This violin was made by Givoni him- in' how absent-minded you be, I took it out of the stove a week ago.'

"'Bless me, but did you?" gasped Mary.
"'Yes, took it out of the stove and hid it in that old pewter teapot in the pantry,'

"'Oh! my soul!" screams Mary, and 'What's the matter now?' says I, after

I had brung her to agin. "'Why, I sold that teapot to a tin pedlooked inside of it!"

There was a period of silence lasting four or five minutes, and then the old man sorrowfully said: "Banks bust-stoves bust-teapots bust,

'Possum Sketches.

"Thar' is times, sah," said the old 'poim hunter of Tennessee to me one day-"thar' is times, sah, when my old woman and ghosts about! I have already been taken with palpitation of the heart.

That is times, sah, when my old woman is as gentle as a rabbit, and that is times when she's as cantanker, us as a coordinate of the control Mercy! but listen to those voices of the with a sore foot. One mawnin', five or when she's as cantankerous as a coor six years ago, she got up cantankerou and I knowed thar'd be a row befo' could dun eat breakfast and git out. She slammed cheers around and busted disnes, and purty soon she hauls off on me and says:
"Zeb White, you are the most one

shacklety, good-fur-nuthin' critter on this yere Cumberland Mountin', and I won't abide it no mo'! If you don't go to work at the co'n and 'taters and let huntin' alone thar's gwine to be an awful row in this cabin.

"I was gwine out to look fur a beetree that day," continued Zeb, "and the old woman kept naggin' at me 'till I got riled. Thar was a powerful lot of weeds in the co'n and 'taters and no mis take, but it wouldn't do no great hurt to let 'em go fur another day. ready to go I was so flustrated that I forgot to take my gun along, and the old woman was so mad that she was almost in a fit on the doah-step.

'How long you gwine to be gone?' she calls after me

Two or three days,' I calls lack. "'Make it a week!" she says as she jumps up and down in her cantanker-

'I'll make it a month!" says I. and off I goes. It was a fall mawnin', with the air crisp and cool, and I didn't stay mad very long. I knowed I was shack-lety about the co'n and 'taters, and as I a wild, weird prelude. It hadn't preluded over thirty seconds when a dozen people went along I detarmined to turn to next day and go to work. Bimeby I found a bee on a flower, and as he riz up I went bee on a flower, and as ne riz up I went weight chasin' him up the mountin'. I had foillered him half a mile when I suddenly heard a 'woof!' close at hand, and I dropped my eyes to find a big b'ar almost stood. within arm's length. The critter was mad about sunthin', and ready fue a row. He was comin' fur me when I made a bolt fur it. He took after me, and fur corpulent wind-taper, "but we can de-eighty rods it was nip-and-tuck He'd part from earth together and fix it so the big chestnut tree which was holler. The openin' was none too large, but I turned! aside and dove into it head fust. I lost heap o' hide on the ragged edges, and ed. I almost cracked my skull on the far side

behind me when I disappeared. He tried to foller me into the holler, but the hole was too small. He could gut his head in, but that was all.

"For about an hour I injoyed the situal saun," said the old man. "I had allus wanter a chance to tell a bar what I at hought of him, and yere it was. I called him names 'till I couldn't think of no mo." Then they leaped and the dark waters happered to be out just his face and slapped his jaws and poked my finger into his eye, and the criteral would have given up all his fur to git at me. Bimely I got tired of the fun and wanted him to go away, but that b'ar had plans of his own. He couldn't git not. He jest lay right down in front of the hole and got over his madners of his own. He couldn't git not. He jest lay right down in front of the hole and got over his madners of his own. He couldn't git not. He jest lay right down in front of the hole and got over his madners of his own. He couldn't git not. He jest lay right down in front of the hole and got over his madners of how of his own. He couldn't git not. He jest lay right down in front of the hole and got over his madners on the way of the latter being used by Sundown with a dark waters happered to be out just that wasn't and hour before he was hone to be in guranted him to be mighty serious. The holler in the tew was none too big fur commors, and it didn't take long to figer it out that the dark waters happered to down the hole I spit in hour before the was none too big fur commors, and it didn't take long to figer it out that the dark waters happered too a disparation, which is some beauting to a serial passed with which to torture their viet. He wasn't and hour befor he had a had blasted their blasted affections in front of the hole and got over his madner hour befor the variety of his high the couldn't git out. He jest lay right down in front of the hole and got over his madner hour befor the training had a great bankrupt and hour befor that varning had a provential waters are rich in edible fish, had a hear rich in to be mighty serious. The holler in the tree was note too big fur comfort, and it didn't take long to figger it out that the b'ar had all the advantage. By noon I was feelin' powerful humble; by sundown by giving good blood and good health, land the distribution of the first requisite. Hood's Sarsaparilla, by giving good blood and good health, land the first requisite. I had ripped and cussed 'till I was hoarse. When night fell that varmint was right

rollin' over and over in good-nature.
"I slept purty well, and was awake at to throw the pieces out of the back window.

It shows a was a was a was a was a was a was a

"Mr. Bowser, have you gone crazy?"

"Scalaimed Mrs. Bowser, as he threw the
bow after the shattered fiddle.

"No, ma'm, I haven't, but I've got a
few words to say to you!" he replied.

"What have I done?"

"Done! Done! Who coaxed me into
thuying a fiddle?"

"The grandson of Givonf. He had an
old fiddle he wanted to get rid of, and
he struck you for a flat and got twice
its worth."

"Struck me for a flat!" shouted Mr.

"Sowser as he was load around on the cat.
"And why? Because I was willing to
keep peace in the family. You had you
mind set on a hiddle, and a fiddle you must
lave?"

"Mr. Bowser! What did I want of a
findle?"

"Mr. Bowser! What did I want of a
findle?"

"Heaven only knows. But for you 1

"Heaven only k

all around. I wriggled back and went to sleep, and when I woke up on the third nawnin' I felt powerful babyish. I was eady to furgive the o'd woman fifty times over, and to promise to go to meetin every Sunday in the year, no matter how thick the coons and 'possums was. It wasn't no good, though. The old woman was two miles away, and had no idea where I was. That third day went by, and then another night, and then I fell to weepin' and prayin' and singin'. Recket I was what they calls 'flighty' most of the time. It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon when I heard that b'ar growl out, and next minute I got the sound of my old rifle. I was weepin' like a baby whe my old woman puts her head into the hole

and sings out:
"'Ar' Zeb White to home to-day?" 'He ar' or what's left of him' says l 'Does he want to come out o' this?"

"'And when he gits out what's gwine to 'He's gwine to work fur the next six

loved wife. Fur the Lawd's sake, Nancy, concluded Zeb, as he filled his corn-cob for a smoke, "the old woman pulled me out. It was an easy job, fur I was shrunk up to a skeleton. She had to tote me home on her back and skin that b'ar alone, and it was a hull week befo' I could fill up my emptiness. It was a pow erful good show fur her to say sunthin mean, but she didn't do it. When I was able to work she pinted at the hoe and

he co'n and 'taters and said: 'Zeb White, thar's some folks that's fitten and some that ain't. If you is fitter then all is right. If you ain't then we'll try to diskiver why you ain't fitten to be

(Copyright, 1899, by C. B. Lewis.) Carl Dunder.

I like to feel dat I can trust my feliow man, but if I haf some note of hand mit

It whas shust as well to haf some lawsuits und get posted. You sue a man to get square, und der lawyer takes all der money to get even.

Vhy my chimney should smoke, my wife old und my dog run avhay all at once is something I can't make out, but she vhas a world in which you vhas all oop or all down.

When a man comes to me und com-plains of his wife I don't say nothings: hen a woman comes to me und complains of her husband I don't say nothings some more. Nobedy from nothings don't get you in some rows. It vhas all in a man's feelings, you know. I haf met lots of people who be-

lieved it vhas a duty to throw stones at stray dog to help him along in der world, but dey had no pennies for a blind I like to sit down sometimes und re member dat if I haf trouble mit my neighbors, a rew mit my wife or a loss

in business, it vhas always somebody If a man agrees mit us in all our opinons, we say he vhas a fool; if he re-fuses to agree mit us he vhas a bigot and a liar. It whas shust as well dot we

do some dodging around. No man knows what his fellow-man thinks of him until he vhas dead, und ien she vhas too late to be either proud or humiliated. Like enough it vhas di incertainty dot makes most of us pay

Nobody can know everything, but vhas neffer more surprised in my life vhen complain of my neighbor's piano as uisance to haf him prove in court dot l kept a dog which barked all night.

"Vhy you buy two horses?" says Mrs. Dunder to me one day.
"Because, my dear, some night a thief vhill come und steal one, und den we hat

Tragedies from the Books. "Is there no hope?" asked Abercrom

bie, after a long silence.
"Positively none," replied Hesteria, as she looked at him with tears in her eyes. "Father says he would rather see dead than married to you." "But we can die together."
"Yes, let us die."

And he rose up from the log on which

hey were sitting, extended his hand to ner, and in silence and with broken hearts they walked toward the precipice. In ten tes they stood on its brink.

"We will enter the golden gates togeth-"Yes, together," she replied.

Then they sprang outward into space, and went down, down, down, a distance of ten feet, where they brought up on a feather bed which had been carried to that spot by the last cyclone. After alighting they looked at each other-a long, lingering, never-to-be-forgotten look bie returned to the coal yard office. They never met again.

"Mother, I will marry Horace Renshaw

"You shall do neither. I will lock you up in a dungeon until you have returned to your senses."

tive girl of eighteen to defy a mother weighing 200 pounds and having muscles like clothes-lines? Minerva was dragged down to the coal cellar and left to rumi-An hour had passed when Horac steod before her. He had broken his way through the cellar wall.

"We cannot marry," he said as he surveyed his heart's idol by the light of a have got me fur suah, but I come to a yellow journals will make things hot for

"That will be so nice!" murmured Min erva as she held up her chin to be kiss-

sands of women who, before taking it, could not even see any good in life to

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what the servants will be.

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soft mud. Very little sea weed was met ing and canning. has helped many a man to success, be-ides giving strength and courage to thou-lands of women who, before taking it.

Among the edible fish caught were three species of soles, three species of flound-ers, John Dory, whiting, schnapper, trum-peter, three species of rock cod, three ies of gurnard, two species of boar-skate, two species of flathead, ter-n, and mannygai. The teraglin is not

Lack of Mental Freedom.

From the New York Journal. We Americans both in the present and in the past have been miserably backward in upholding mental freedom both in

THE UNDOING OF CAESAR. Modern Parable of a Good Man Who Got

From the Bismarck Tribune. One day when Caesar was leaning up History does not record what he said, but against a wooden Indian in front of it was hot stuff. Brutus' cigar store, half way between the Forum and the Republican central committee headquarters, he was accosted by a bunko steerer with a green grip and the finest set of lilacs that ever split the "Helle," said the bunko steefer,

Brutus laughed fit to kill, and put an- his country.

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From Donoboe's Magazine.

Caesar looked down and saw that it

"Helio," said the bunko steefer,
"haven't I seen you before?"
"I don't think you have, Jo Jo," said
the Caesar, who was dead on. "I never
was in the penitentiary myself, and if I
ever saw you outside of the bastile it's a
mighty good thing for you I wasn't a policeman. You look a good deal like a
local option sentiment in a German village. How much will you take for a slip
from that foliage plant on your face to
seed my lawn with?" Caesar was one of
the greatest joshers in Rome at the time
and it tickled him to guy the rube, although he savvied his graft all the while.
The bunko man pretended not to notice
that he was a joshmark and dropped his
grip on the sidewalk. "Ain't you Polonius'
Appleacedus, from over at Pompey's
"Crossing?" he asked. He didn't know
Caesar from a fever bilister, but he
though the might make the graft side.
Caesar enjoyed the whole thing more
than a Judy show. "Not on your little
red shawl," he said. "I am the leeman
You're on the wrong sidetrack, uncle.
You'd better consult an oculist. Here's
an egg that he carried around to use in
selight of hand tricks that he frequently
did for the boys.
The bunko man saw that he had struck
a dead game sport and passed on Caesar
went inside the cigar store. "See me joliv
loval and particularly of the late of the government in their opinion (as
it is it is, it certainly does not excuse al
local option sentiment in a German village. How much will you take for a slip
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in the nation in the hi The authority of the state is as sacredid for the boys.

The bunko man saw that he had struck a dead game sport and passed on Caesar went inside the cigar store. "See me jolly the rube?" he said, dropping a nickel in the slot and winning a handful of perfectives. stituted authority of the government of